



10¢

TIM HOLT

as RED MASK!

No. 26



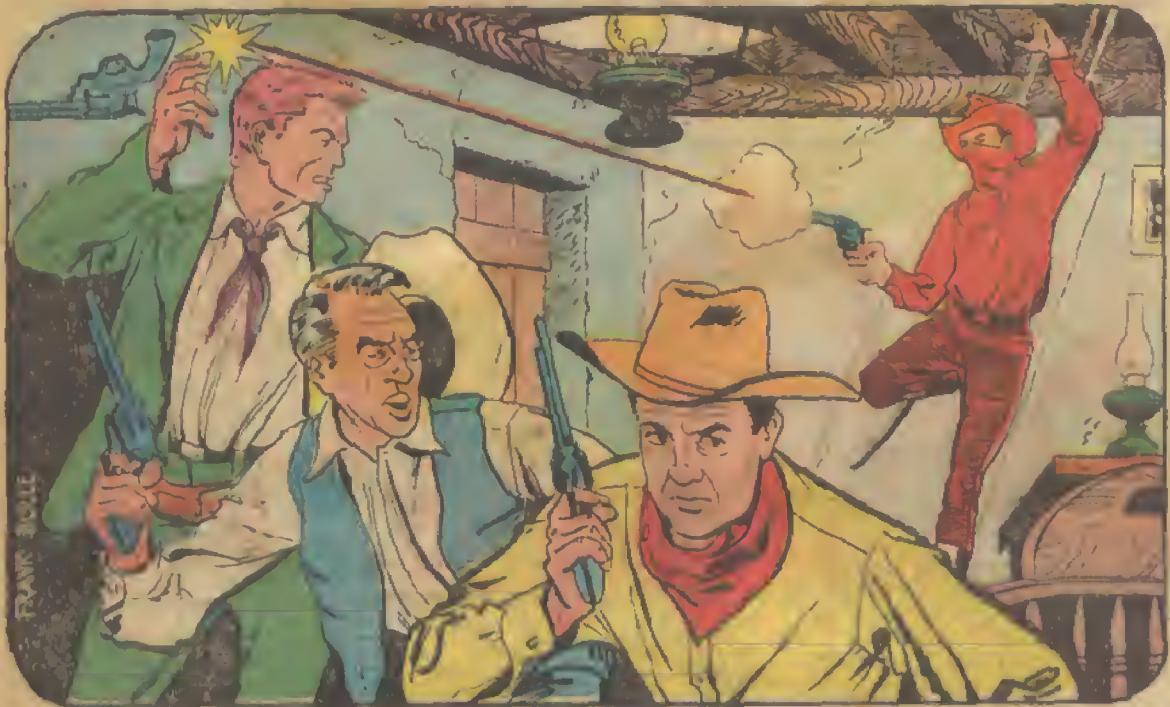
WEBGOMIC UNIVERSE.COM



TIM HOLT

THIS IS THE TALE OF A SHIRT—
AN EVIL SHIRT THAT BUTTONED
UP CRIME AND GUNPLAY! AND
WHEN **TIM HOLT** GOT INVOLVED
HE FORTUNATELY HAD SOME-
THING UP HIS OWN SLEEVE—
THE DISGUISE OF THE FABULOUS
REDMASK—WHICH ENABLED
HIM TO PUT THE COLLAR ON

"THE
RED RIVER GANG"



THE FIRST NEWS OF THE COMING OF THE OUT-LAWS INTO THE APACHE ARROYO COUNTRY NORTH OF BULLET BURSTS WITH THE SHOCK OF GUNFIRE!



HE'LL LIVE—AND SO WILL
YOU IF YOU PLAY IT SMART!
WHERE'S THE GOLD?

IN THE
BAGGAGE
CAR!



TIM HOLT

WE GOT THE GOLD. NOW WE'LL HOLE UP IN A FARMER'S HOUSE BACK IN THE HILLS. I GOT A FRIEND IN TOWN WHO'S GOIN' TO TIP US OFF TO SOME GOOD JOBS AROUND THESE PARTS....!

AT THE T-BAR-K RANCH, SOME DAYS AFTER THE TRAIN ROBBERY...

TELEGRAM FROM PHOENIX... RED RIVER'S OUT-LAW BUNCH IS AROUND BULLET - I'M TO CONTACT FEDERAL MARSHAL, B. JORDAN, IN TOWN...



IN BULLET, SOME HOURS LATER, AS CHITO RIDES INTO TOWN WITH TIM...



AND SO...



IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE LITTLE STORE...

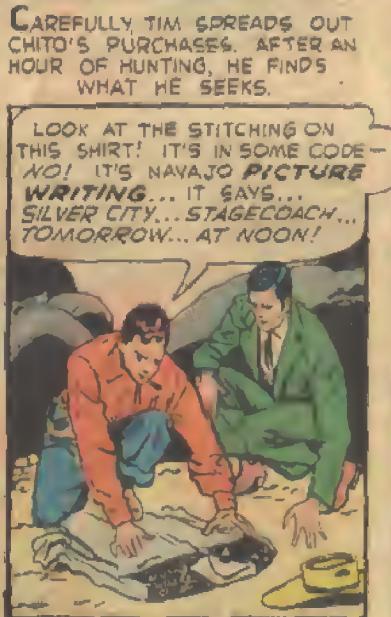
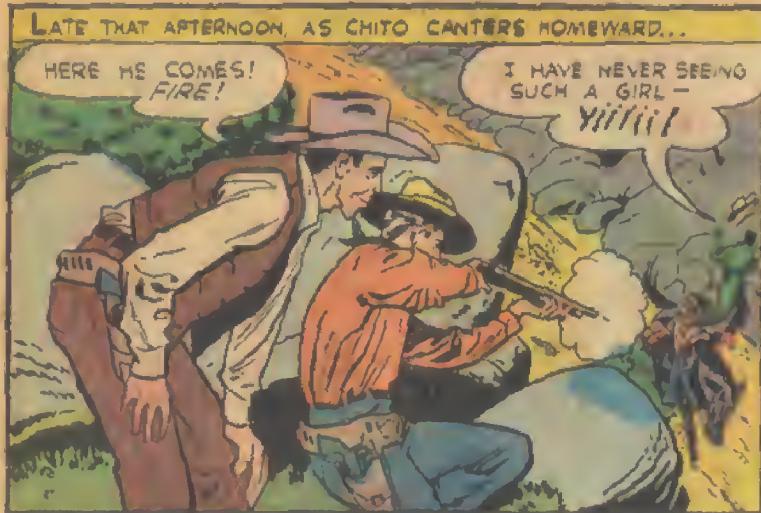


I'LL GET IT BACK, ALL RIGHT. THAT HOMBRE WILL NEVER GET HOME ALIVE TODAY!

GOOD! REMEMBER - I'LL HIDE THE REST OF THOSE CODE MESSAGES I SEND YOU IN THE STITCHING OF THE SHIRT, IN THE FORK OF THE OAK TREE IN STORM CANYON.



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

AND THEN, FROM THE ROCKY HEIGHTS ABOVE...

WE HAVE THEM WHERE WE WANT THEM, CHITO! KEEP 'EM BUSY! THE SHERIFF WITH A POSSE IS RIDING TO CATCH THEM IN A TRAP!



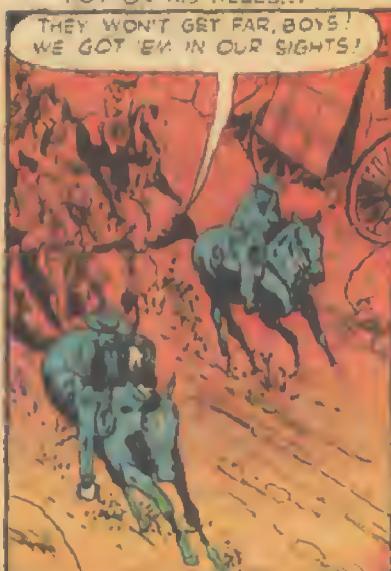
A TRAP! WE'VE RUN INTO A TRAP!

MIGHTAIL IT OUT OF HERE!



SHERIFF GAGE OF BULLET GALLOPS PAST THE STAGE WITH HIS POSSE HOT ON HIS HEELS...

THEY WON'T GET FAR, BOYS! WE GOT 'EM IN OUR SIGHTS!



BUT—SOME HOURS LATER, IN BULLET...

THEY GOT CLEAN AWAY, BY RIDING IN A MOUNTAIN STREAM! RECKON ABOUT ALL I'M GOOD FOR IS TO FIX THE JAIL ROOF LIKE I BEEN DOING LATELY!

IT'S A TOUGH BREAK. I WON'T GET ANOTHER STITCHED SHIRT IN MY HANDS AGAIN!

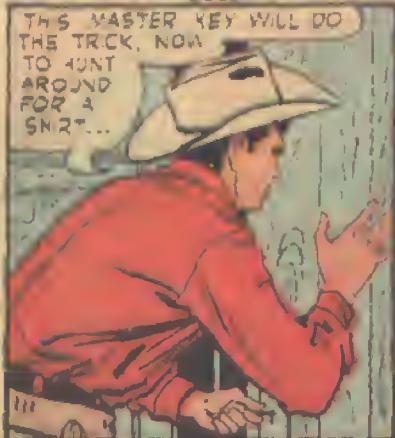


WAIT! THERE MAY BE A WAY OF GETTING MYSELF ANOTHER OF THOSE CODED SHIRTS—BY PAYING A VISIT TO THAT CLOTHING STORE AFTER HOURS! BECAUSE IT'S A CINCH THAT SOMEBODY IN THAT STORE IS TIPPING OFF THAT RED RIVERS BUNCH TO EASY JOBS....

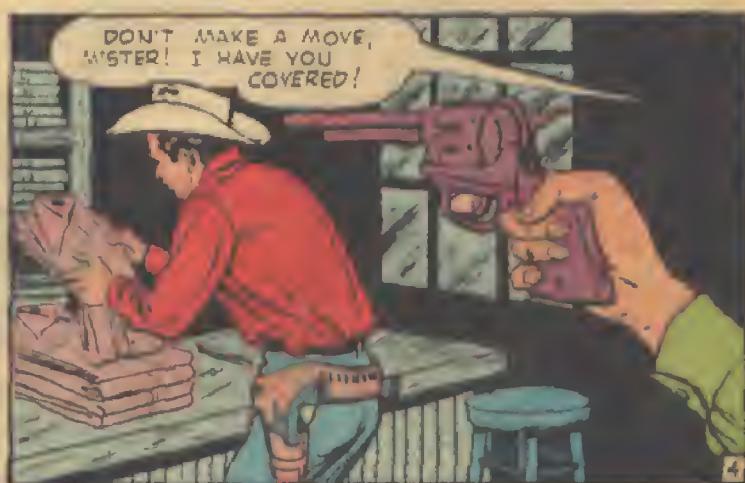


AS THE KEROSENE LAMPS COVE ON IN BULLET...

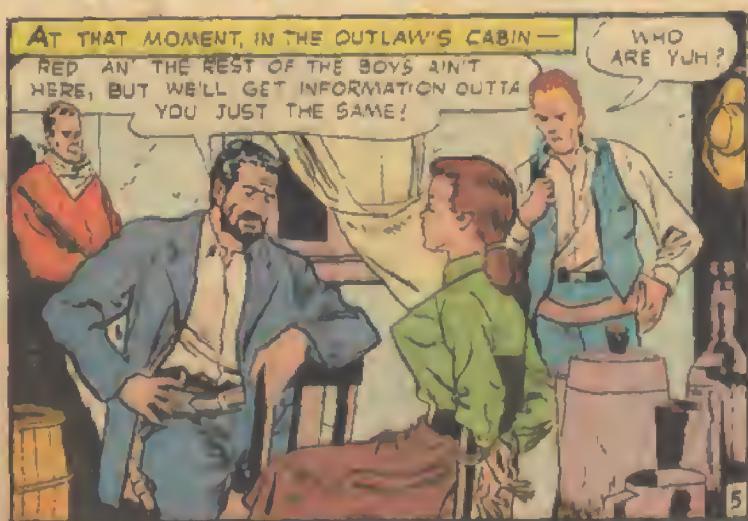
THIS MASTER KEY WILL DO THE TRICK, NOW TO HUNT AROUND FOR A SHIRT...



DON'T MAKE A MOVE, WISTER! I HAVE YOU COVERED!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TWICE MORE THE TINKLING BELL BRINGS THE IMPATIENT, CURIOUS OUTLAWS TO THE RIM OF THE FOREST—



I HAVE THOSE THREE OWLHOOTS OUTSIDE, ALL TRUSSSED UP AND READY FOR THE LOCAL JAIL!



RED RIVER'S HALF BROTHER OWNS THAT CLOTHING STORE. HE WAS TIPPING RIVERS OFF AS TO WHAT JOBS TO PULL AROUND THESE PARTS. AND WORKING WITH THEM IS A RANCHER NAMED TIM HOLT!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



THE END

TIM HOLT

BUCKY O'HARA ALWAYS RAN FROM A FIGHT. FROM THE RIO GRANDE TO THE MISSOURI, HE TURNED HIS BACK ON FIST-FIGHT AND GUN-BATTLE, AND FLED LIKE A COWARD. AND THEN CAME THE DAY WHEN BUCKY'S BACK WAS TO THE WALL. IT WAS FIGHT OR GO TO JAIL — WHEN TIM HOLT STEPPED FORWARD TO OFFER BUCKY THE SOLUTION TO HIS TROUBLES AT THE END OF HIS —

65 FLIGHT FROM A FIGHT

IN A TRAILTOWN SALOON, SOMEWHERE WEST OF WICHITA —

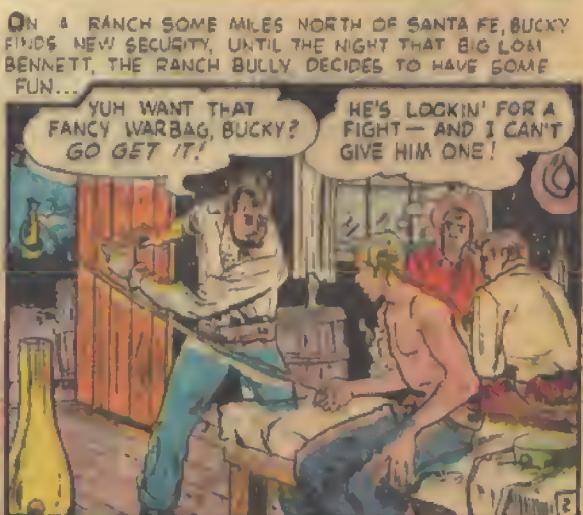


TIM HOLT



IN THE PANHANDLE COUNTRY OF NORTHERN TEXAS, HE GETS ANOTHER JOB WRANGLIN' WILD BRONCS...

BUT EVERY TIME COWBOYS RODE TO TOWN, THEY FOUGHT — IT WAS A WAY OF LETTING OFF HIGH SPIRITS —



HE'S LOOKIN' FOR A FIGHT — AND I CAN'T GIVE HIM ONE!

TIM HOLT

WITH A SICKLY SMILE ON HIS LIPS BUCKY WALKS WEEKLY OUT AND RETRIEVES HIS WAR-BAG — AND HIS FELLOW RIDERS TURN AWAY FROM HIM, IN SHAME FOR HIS COWARDICE...



TOWARD LATE SPRING, BUCKY O'HARA WALKS HIS PAINT PONY INTO BULLET...



AFTER AN HOUR OF ARGUMENT, OY BOOLEY SLIPS FROM THE LITTLE SALOON...

SO YUN WON'T COME IN WITH ME, H*H? GOOD ENOUGH! THEN WHEN THE SHERIFF COMES SNOOPIN' AROUND AFTER I'VE PULLED MY JOB — YOU'LL GT BLAMED FER IT, MR. REFORMED!



SOME NIGHTS LATER, OX AND HIS HARDCASE CREW STRIKE THE GRAZING HERDS OF THE SLASH BOX RANCH AT THE BASE OF THE BLUE RIDGE FOOTHILLS...



AS THE HOOFBEATS OF THE RUSTLERS HORSES FADE INTO THE DISTANCE ONLY A FANCY BEAD-DESIGNED WAR-BAG REMAINS TO CATCH THE EYE OF ANY WHO MIGHT BE SEARCHING FOR C. LIES...



TIM HOLT

NEXT DAY AS DAWN GLOWS INTO MORNING—

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! BUCKY O'HARA! THAT'S HIS WAR-BAG. I'VE SEEN IT OFTEN ENOUGH!

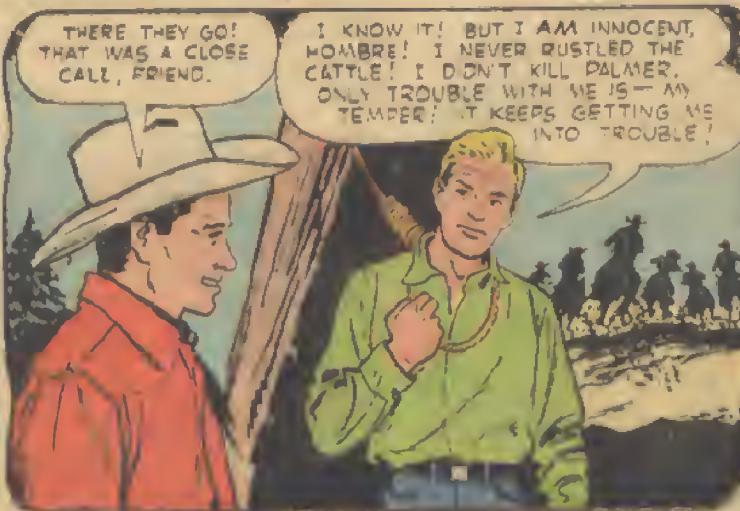
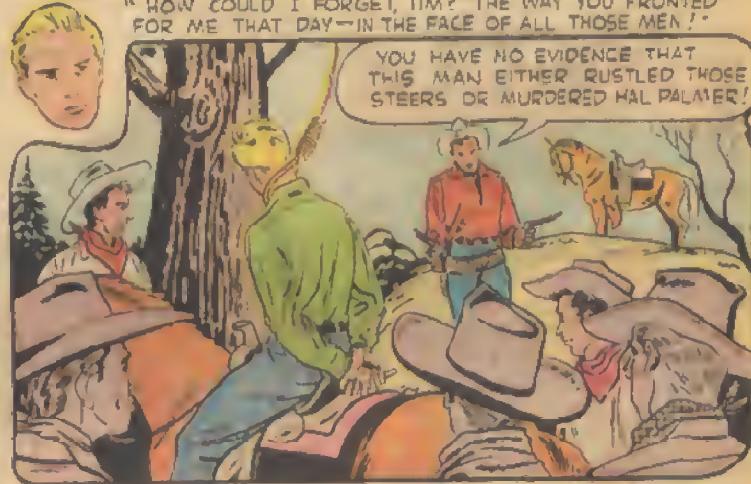
YOU RECKON WE OUGHT TO PUT A POSSE INTO THE HILLS AFTER HIM?

NO, SHERIFF! LET ME HANDLE THIS AS YOUR DEPUTY, BUT IN A WAY I SEE FIT. BUCKY O'HARA USED TO BE AN OUTLAW, BUT HE MADE ME A PROMISE, ABOUT A YEAR AGO...

AT HIGH NOON, IN A LITTLE EATING PLACE OFF BULLET'S MAIN STREET—

THAT YOURS, BUCKY?

HUH? WHY, SURE IT'S MINE! SOME LOWLIFE THIEF STOLE IT AND—



TIM HOLT

I KEPT THAT PROMISE, TIM — THOUGH THERE WERE TIMES WHEN I WAS PLUMB TEMPTED! AND FOR DOING THAT — OX BOOLEY TRIES TO IMPLICATE ME IN HIS LITTLE RUSTLING STUNT!



I'M RELEASING YOU NOW FROM THAT PROMISE, BUCKY. YOU'VE PROVED YOURSELF A STEADY MAN. YOU'RE MY DEPUTY — AND WE'RE ROLLING OUT TO BRING IN OX BOOLEY!



HOURS LATER, AS THE SHADOWS LENGTHEN ACROSS THE PEAKS OF THE R'PSAW RANGE ...

— THEN
I'VE RIDDEN WITH OX BEFORE ON HIS RUSTLING JAUNTS. HE ALWAYS HITS FOR THE LAVA FLOWS, SO THE HERD WON'T MAKE TRACKS!



ALL NIGHT THE TWO DEPUTIES RIDE! AN HOUR AFTER DAWN, AT THE BASE OF THE RED BUTTES...



I'M TAKING YOU **ALIVE**, BOOLEY. DROP THAT SIX!



LIKE A CATAMOUNT, TIM LEAPS FROM HIS SADDLE...



RIGHT BEHIND HIM —

A FIGHT! YAHOO!
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THIS FOR A REAL LONG TIME! WAHOO!



TIM HOLT

FOR A YEAR, BUCKY OTHERS HAS HELD HIMSELF IN CHECK! BUT NOW HE IS FREE TO LET GO—AND HE DOES!

THIS IS FOR THAT PITCHFORK FIGHT I MISSED OUT ON!

THIS IS FOR WHAT I OWE BIG LOM BENNETT!

AND THIS IS FOR YOU HOMBRE!



ON YOUR WAY, YOU OVERGROWN SPALPEEN!

AND AS BUCKY GOES "ON THE PROD" TIM IS FINISHING OFF OX BOOLEY WITH A RIB-CRACKING ONE-TWO PUNCH...



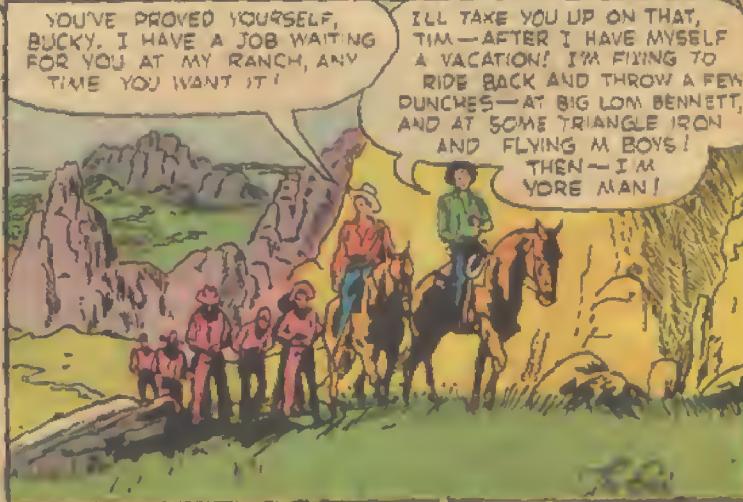
WELL, BUCKY? WAS IT WORTH THE WAIT?

MAN, I'LL SAY IT WAS! I NEVER ENJOYED A FIGHT MORE!



YOU'VE PROVED YOURSELF, BUCKY. I HAVE A JOB WAITING FOR YOU AT MY RANCH, ANY TIME YOU WANT IT!

ILL TAKE YOU UP ON THAT, TIM—AFTER I HAVE MYSELF A VACATION! I'M FIXING TO RIDE BACK AND THROW A FEW DUNCHES—AT BIG LOM BENNETT, AND AT SOME TRIANGLE IRON AND FLYING M BOYS! THEN—I'M YORE MAN!



TIM HOLT



THE
WILD
STALLION

THE great roan stallion threw his head high into the wind and sent a whinny trumpeting out across the waving bunch grass of the prairie. There was danger in this wind that blew down off the sharp red sandstone peaks of the Cordillera Rim, for the wind carried the smell of — man!

Man to the big man stallion, Ka'aba, meant death, or what was even worse to his kind, capture and imprisonment behind the wooden fences that men called a corral. Ka'aba had seen other horses caught. He had seen them caught and roped and thrown, to be led away to the corrals where a leather contraption was fastened on them tightly. And then one of these men fastened himself to the horse's back, and quitted and spurred him to frenzied bucking and jumping.

Only rarely did one of the horses win such a contest. And when he won, he was not turned free, a victor. He was put aside for the next day and the next, until one of the hated man-things succeeded in breaking his spirit. That much Ka'aba had seen from the fringes of the wild Arizona range where he ran free.

Many times had a man-thing chased him. Many times had he heard the barking thunder of the little guns they carried, and had seen the sworling loop of a rope aimed for his thickly maned neck that was arched so stiffly now, as he sniffed the breezes.

Ka'aba snorted, and tossed his head until the thick red mane leaped and danced. There was no doubt of it! A man—many men!—were coming up from the bottom lands toward the grassy plain where he browsed.

The big roan stallion ran easily, letting his mane and his long tail shake free. In the distance, he could hear the faint tattoo of the cowboys' horses as their hooves thudded into the ground. Ka'aba almost laughed. If those tame things with the leather saddles on their

backs wanted a run, he'd run them—until they fell to the ground with exhaustion!

Far ahead of him, Ka'aba sighted a small group of mares and colts clustered about an old white stallion. They were all poised, looking his way. Ka'aba sent his nicker shrilling out across the grasslands, to warn them. When the white stallion pawed at the ground and trumpeted a challenging reply, Ka'aba veered through the mesquite clumps and came toward him at full gallop.

This was no time to fight another stallion over the ownership of a few mares and colts! Man was coming—man, the enemy of all wild things, man who came with his leather contraptions and broke the spirit of wild animals so they could be made to serve him!

It mattered nothing to Ka'aba that in serving man, horses found a degree of happiness. There were lumps of sugar served on a palm, and rubdowns after hot, hard runs—but there was no romping and rolling in the sweet-scented grama grass, no sniffing the winds of the world high on a mesa rim, no galloping all day long without rope or bridle or saddle!

Ka'aba whickered a warning to the white stallion. He did not want to fight, not with those men racing far behind him, coming steadily after him. A young mare threw up her head and stared at him, the wind blowing fitfully through the silver mane that curled over her slim neck. She nickered a greeting, and the white stallion reared high, pawing the air and bellowing his rage at this young newcomer.

The white stallion came for him like an arrow from the bow. Ka'aba sidestepped the wicked white teeth that flashed at his flank. He thrust forward with his own teeth and drew blood, then danced back, as if to give the white stallion a chance to quit while the quitting was good.

TIM HOLT

But the old horse screamed and leaped for him. They met, rearing high, their hooves flashing in the sunlight. Ka'aba missed with his first blows, and twisted sidewise with young agility. The white stallion was a little slower, and took a slashing raking from Ka'aba's teeth.

The second wound seemed to madden the big white horse. He reared up and met Ka'aba again—but this time the young red roan did not miss. His sharp hooves slashed against the white stallion's face; cut him and bled him, and drove him to his knees.

Again Ka'aba reared! Again his hooves slashed down, ripping and tearing! It was the law of the wild, the law of claw and fang, the law of kill—or be killed!

The white stallion took the punishment until his face was a red smear. Then he screamed once and ran with the wind, leaving the mares and the colts to Ka'aba.

The roan stallion did not want young mares and frisky colts to slow down his pace. He wanted to be free to race as he had always raced, leading the men who chased him to some hox canyon or draw, and shaking them off in the dust that leaped from his flashing hooves.

And now he found himself saddled with a small band of mares and colts! He vented his displeasure by a snort.

The young mare with the silver mane trotted toward him. Ka'aba watched her come with suspicion in his eyes. She was a lovely thing, graceful and fleet as the wind that touched his mane, but she was a mare, and a mare only slowed him down on a long run. The mare touched his cheek with a velvety nose, and Ka'aba flung his head high.

It was almost as if she had said, "Now we belong to you. Men are coming. It's your job to get us out of here!"

He nickered softly, and the mare began to run, leading the other mares a fast pace. She went high into the first rises of the Rim lands, where the dwarf juniper and scrub cedar grew. Here the loneliness of the hills brooded out across a windswept grassland that was dotted with sagebrush and sotol.

Ka'aba followed, making sure that the ungainly young colts kept close to their mothers' heels. He was grateful that even the youngest of them was some months old, for the newborn colts always fell behind on a run like this, fell behind to die without their mothers, for the greater safety of all prevented any from staying behind to tend them.

Ka'aba lifted his fine red head and sent his call trumpeting out across the hogback ridges and grassy benchlands. In the far distance, the men were coming. They were as relentless as sunlight, as inexorable as a

mountain stream in a spring flash flood.

The men were forcing the play, now. They were herding them up into the high peaks, where the Rim broke into a dozen small cliffs that fronted the great stone escarpment of the Cordillera. Ka'aba had run up there, many moons ago, and knew it for a death trap.

Once the men had the herd high up in those sandstone barriers, the plaited lariats would fly, and mares and colts would go down kicking, to be brought into the corrals, and saddled and broken.

The blood chilled to ice in the red roan's veins as he thought of that! To have a saddle flung across his back that had never known any pressure but that of the wind as he ran!

Ka'aba screamed his fury and his rage into the canyons and the draws, and the silver-maned mare heard the note of fear in it, and increased her pace.

Now the mares were moving slowly, lifting along the narrow ledges to the mesa top. They went with nostrils flaring in panic, for the men were shooting from far away, and the high scream of their bullets as they ricochetted off sandstone outcroppings were like hard whips applied to the mares' backs.

The men were coming swiftly, lifting upward into the high ridges. Lariats coiled in their hands, and the scent of their clothing and the smoke of their cigarettes made a pungent scent that terrified the mares. Back and forth on the broken, flat rock of the mesa they ran, seeking a trail that was not there.

Only Ka'aba stood with head upflung, rigid, as the man-things surrounded the herd. Beyond him, across a deep chasm, was the tableland of the Cordilleras. If he could jump that—!

The silver-maned mare rubbed her shoulder to his. Ka'aba turned his head as if to ask a question. The mare nickered softly.

Ka'aba danced restlessly. His hooves struck sparks as they struck the stone of the mesatop. And then he was away, leaping with a surge of power that was frightening to see! He ran as runs the arrow from the bow, or the bullet from the gun.

One moment he was touching ground, and the next there was empty space beneath his hooves. He leaped, and hung in midair, as if suspended, for a long moment. And then he was on the other side, on the Cordillera tableland, screaming his trumpet-call!

The mare nickered, and began her run. She made her leap. Her hooves scratched at the very edge of the rim for an instant, and then the momentum of her leap carried her on, to safety.

Side by side, Ka'aba and his mare ran on, to freedom.

THE END

YOU be THE GHOST RIDER



Amaze your friends
with this weird scarf
that becomes a real
Ghost Rider mask
which

GLOWS IN THE DARK!

ONLY 7⁰⁰

THE GHOST RIDER

A jet-black rayon crepe
scarf...with the name of
THE GHOST RIDER bantered
on it...and a luminous
white mask that becomes a
GHOST RIDER SKULL when
the mask is tied on...!

MAIL
COURON
AND
\$1⁰⁰
TO:

Magazine Enterprises

10 Murray St. New York 7, N.Y.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

NO C.O.D. SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

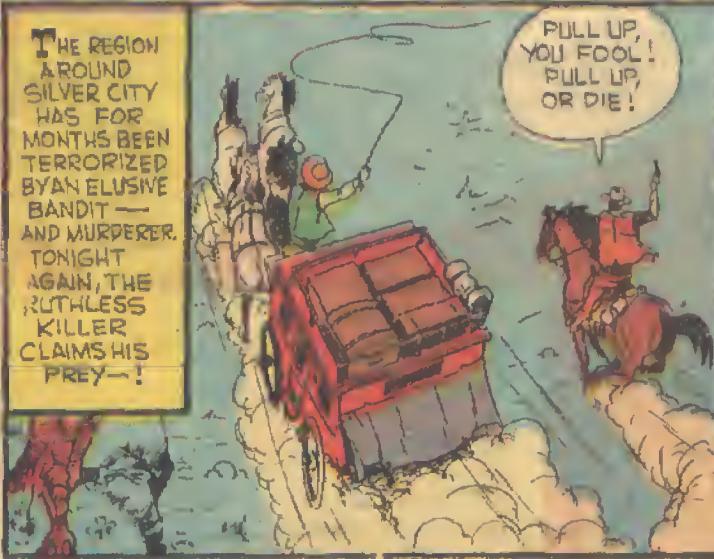
THE GHOST RIDER

JUST OUTSIDE SILVER CITY STANDS "THE CASTLE"—
HUGE, RAMBLING, GLOOMY, AND FORBIDDING—BUILT
LONG AGO BY A MINER WHOSE SUDEN AND UNEX-
PECTED WEALTH HAD DRIVEN
HIM MAD. MANY ARE THE
LEGENDS TOLD OF FABULOUS
ROOMS AND SECRET PANELS
IN THE CROUCH MEDIEVAL OLD
HOUSE, AND OF THE MY-
STERIOUS TENANTS IT HAD
HARBORED THROUGH THE
YEARS...

THIS IS THE STRANGE
STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED
WHEN THE GHOST RIDER
KEPT A RENDEZVOUS THERE
WITH "THE
MURDERING
MEDIUM!"



THE REGION
AROUND
SILVER CITY
HAS FOR
MONTHS BEEN
TERRORIZED
BY AN ELUSIVE
BANDIT—
AND MURDERER.
TONIGHT
AGAIN, THE
RUTHLESS
KILLER
CLAIMS HIS
PREY—!



NOPE, YUH YELLA COYOTE, YUH
AIN'T GONNA GIT THIS PAY-
LOAD IF I KIN PERTECT IT—!



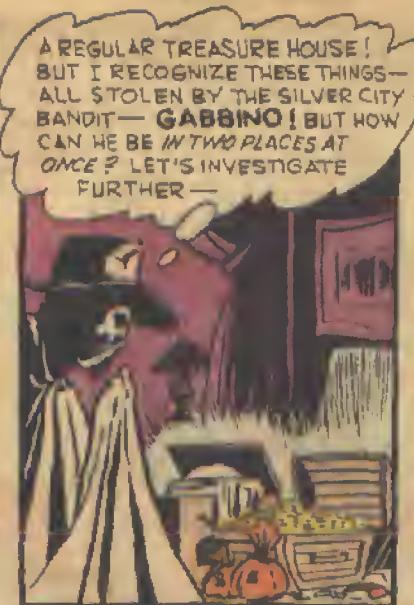
TIM HOLT.



BUT THIS TIME THE KILLER'S GUNSHOTS HAVE BEEN HEARD, FAR OUT ON THE PRAIRIE, BY ONE WHOSE VERY NAME MAKES EVERY OUTLAW'S BLOOD RUN COLD — THE GHOST RIDER!



TIM HOLT



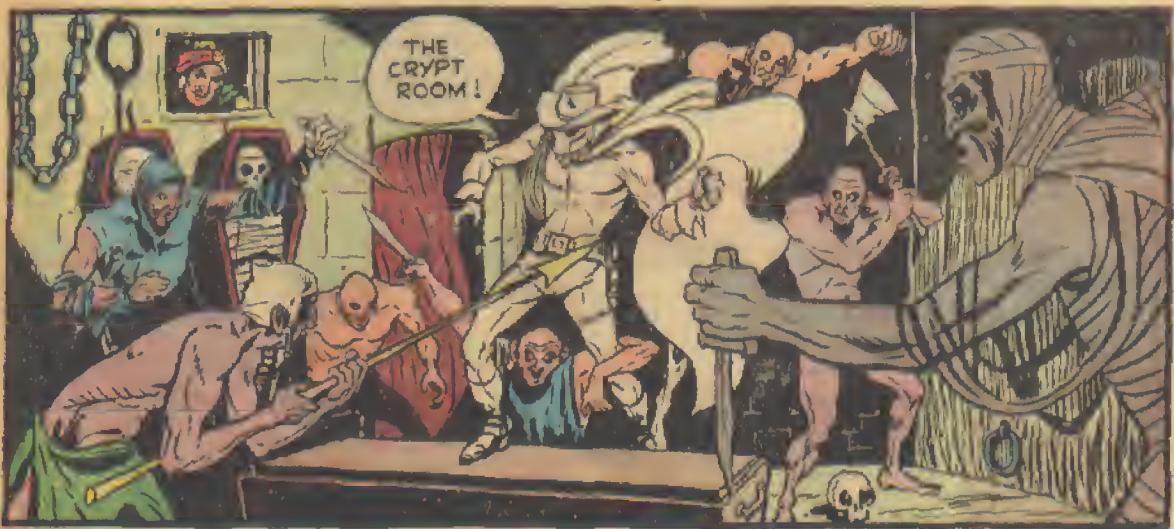
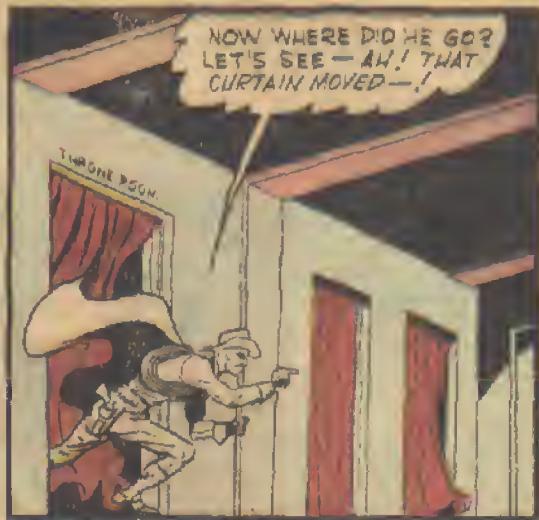
IT'S TRUE,
DEAR MR. GHOST—
I'VE HELD HIS
HAND ALL
EVENING,
RIGHT
HERE —

BUT THE GHOST RIDER HAS READ THE
GUILT IN SWAMI GABBINO'S FACE! AND
TRUSTING HIS OWN INTUITION BEYOND
LOGICAL APPEARANCES, HE SEIZES THE
MEDIUM! — WHO TWISTS AWAY —



THERE NEVER WAS
SUCH FEAR IN
INNOCENT EYES!

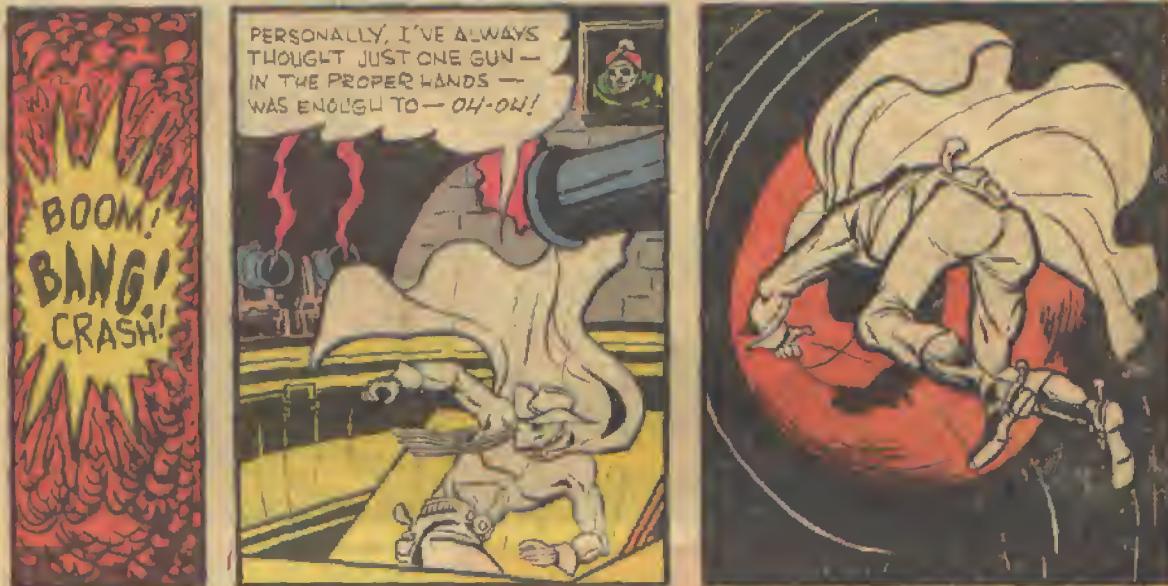
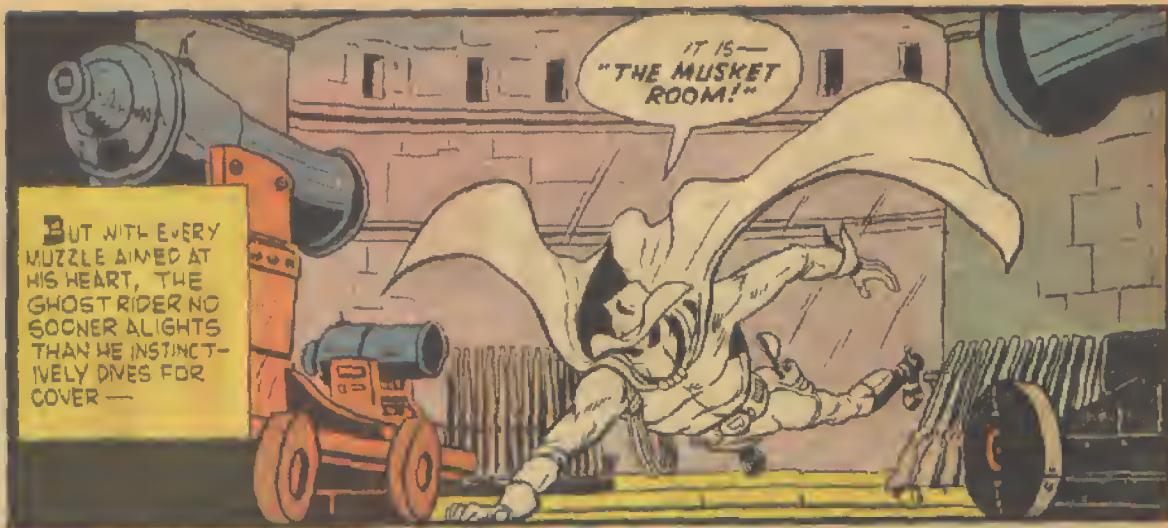
TIM HOLT



THE GHOST RIDER, DODGING A DEADLY
SPRING-PROPELLED LUNGE BY ONE OF
THE GUESOME CREATURES, FALLS UPON
A COFFIN LID, WHICH SNAPS UP SO
POWERFULLY THAT —



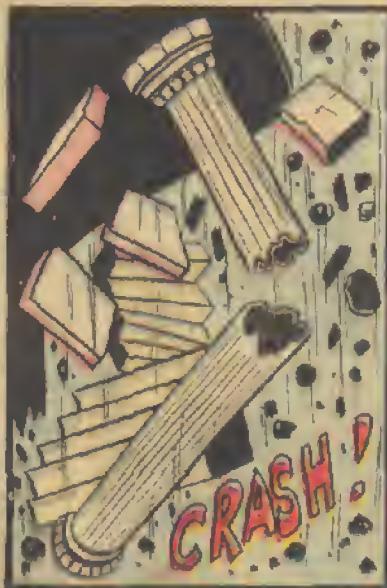
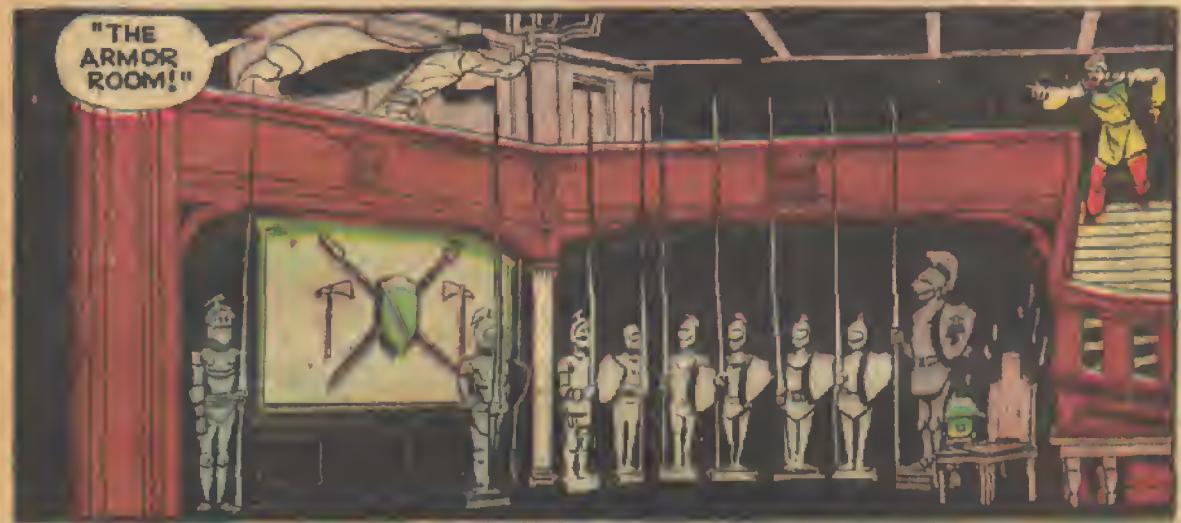
TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



NOT REALIZING THAT THE GHOST RIDER ESCAPED
SIMPLY BY SWIFT ROPE-CLIMBING, GABBINO IS NOW
SURE THAT HE HAS TO DO WITH A REAL SPIRIT —



TIM HOLT

AND NOW, WITH NO MORE TRICKS TO CALL UPON, GABBINO YIELDS TO SHEER TERROR AS THE CHASE IN ITS FINAL STAGES MOVES UP, UP — TO THE VERY TOPMOST TURRET !



PLEASE — I'LL DO ANYTHING — JUST DON'T HURT ME — PLEASE — PLEASE — I PITY YOU MORE THAN EVER YOU PITIED OTHERS ! BUT YOUR MANY VICIOUS DEEDS — THEY CANNOT BE ERASED ! SHAMEFUL COWARD, YOU MUST PAY FOR YOUR CRIMES !



GABBINO, FEAR-CRAZED, STEPS BACKWARD TRYING TO ESCAPE THE GHOST RIDER AND PLUMMETS INTO SPACE ...



BUT ... THE DOC HERE SAYS HE'S DEAD ! SEEMS CRAZY ... IF TH' FALL DIDN'T KILL HIM — WHUT DID ?

FEAR — NOTHING ELSE ! HE MUST HAVE BEEN DEAD BEFORE HE EVER STRUCK THE BUSH !

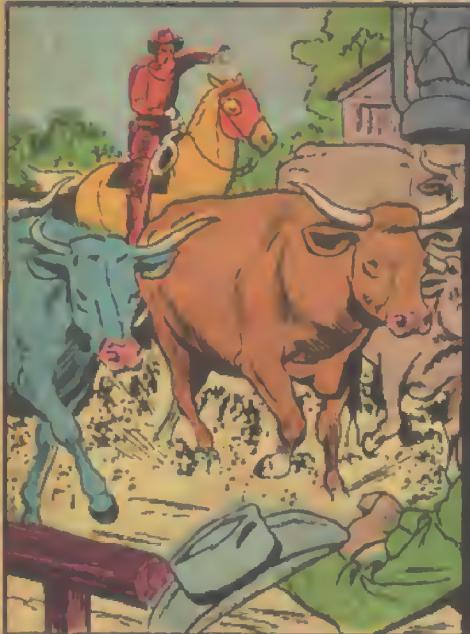
YES ... FEAR ! HE TRIED ALL HIS TRICKS — BUT NONE WORKED ! AND SO THIS CHARLATAN, THIS FAKE — CONVINCED THAT AT LAST HE WAS CONTENDING WITH A REAL SPIRIT, WAS SIMPLY... SCARED TO DEATH !



TIM HOLT

WHEN FIRE SWEEPS THE MAIN STREET IN BULLITT—WHEN PRETTY ACTRESSES FACE DEATH BY HOT LEAD, AND HARDNED KILLERS MOCK THE LAW—THEN REDMASK STAGES HIS OWN PERFORMANCE TO HUNT DOWN THE DEPERADES AND KILLERS WHO ACT SO VICIOUSLY IN—

"TERROR'S THEATRE"



OLD MOSSYHORN IS THE LEAD STEER ON TIM HOLT'S T-BAR-H RANCH. HE'S LORD OF THE RANGE AND PROUD OF HIS TITLE.



AND WHEN THE GOLD AND BLACK STAGE FROM CACTUS VALLEY SWINGS ALONG A WORN TRAIL OVER THE T-EARTH GRAZELAND OLD MOSSYHORN ERUPTS WITH FURY...!



CHITO! OLD MOSSYHORN CAN'T CATCH THAT STAGE!

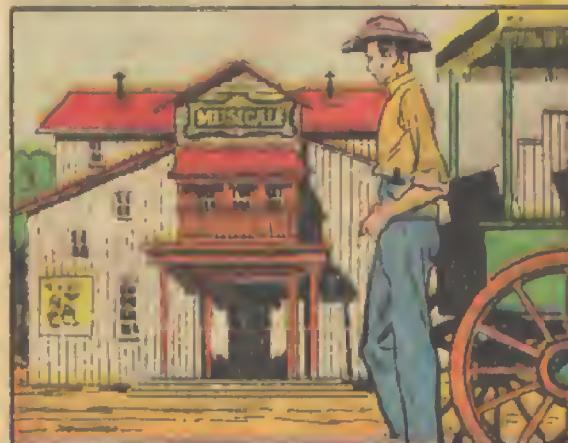
HO! I AM FOR MAKING SURE, TIM!



TIM HOLT



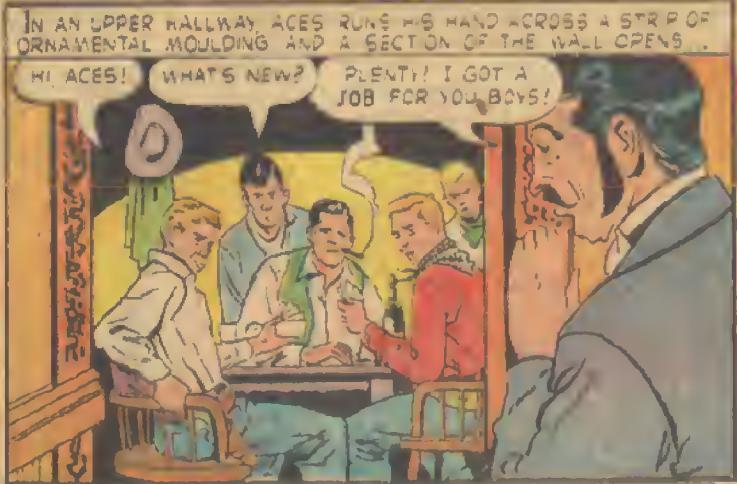
JUST AS TOYBSTONE HAS ITS BIG CAGE OPERA HOUSE, AND SAN ANTONIO ITS VAUDEVILLE VARIETY HOUSE AND TURNER HALL, SO BULLET HAS ITS OWN THEATRE — THE MUSICALE — BUILT BY CONTRIBUTIONS FROM TOWNSPEOPLE AND RANCHERS...



ONE MAN DID NOT SHARE THE TOWN'S SATISFACTION OVER ITS NEW THEATRE — ACES MOONEY, OWNER OF THE SALOON, THE CRYSTAL PALACE...



TIM HOLT



THAT NIGHT EVERY MAN WOULD AND COULD FOR WILES AROUND A RIDE INTO BULLS FOR THE THEATRE OPENING . . .



THE PERFORMANCE IS WILDLY CHEERED.



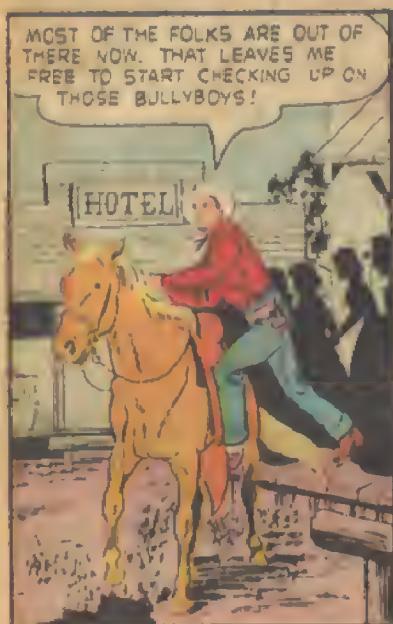
NO ONE NOTICES THAT HERE AND THERE HARDFACED MEN HAVE TAKEN THEIR POSITIONS, AND THAT SOME OF THEM ARE DRINKING HEAVILY AT THE BAR AT THE REAR OF THE THEATRE . . .



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

THE DRY WOOD CATCHES FIRE EASILY. FLAMES LEAP SKYWARD, CAUSING THE NIGHT TO GLOW REDLY...

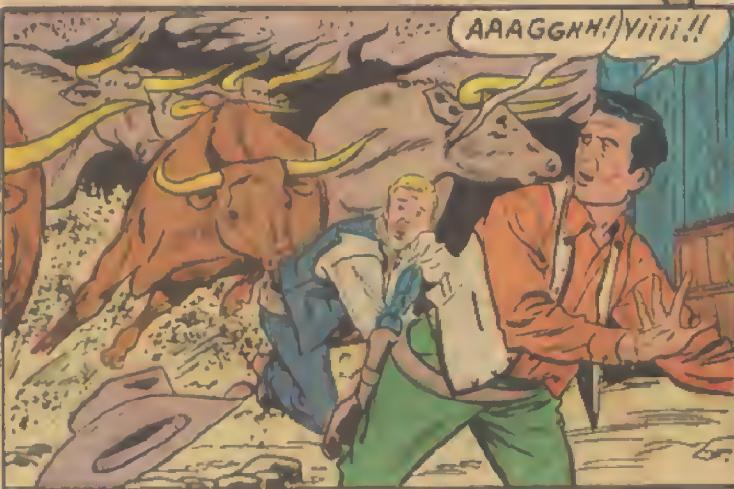
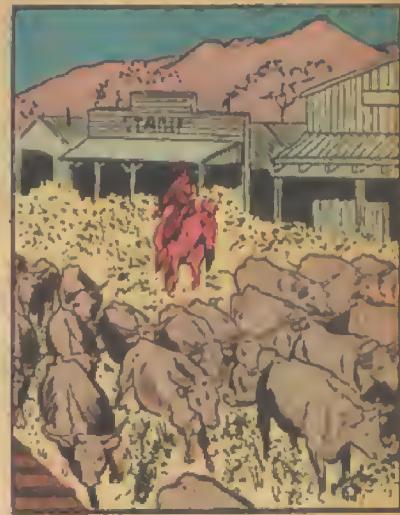
ACES WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BUSINESS NOW! BY MORNING HE'LL HAVE THE ONLY SALOON IN TOWN: HAW! HAW!



HEY - LOOK!



WITH THE LEAD STEER OF THE T-BARN AT THE HEAD OF HIS HERD REDMASK STAMPEDES HIS CATTLE FROM THE SHIPPING PENS AND THROUGH BULLET'S MAIN STREET...



MINUTES LATER IN THE ALLEY BEHIND THE BURNING MUSICALE...



TIM HOLT

AN EXPERTLY THROWN LARIAT LOOPS OVER A CHIMNEY OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE, AND SECONDS LATER, REDMASK MOVES UP THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING...



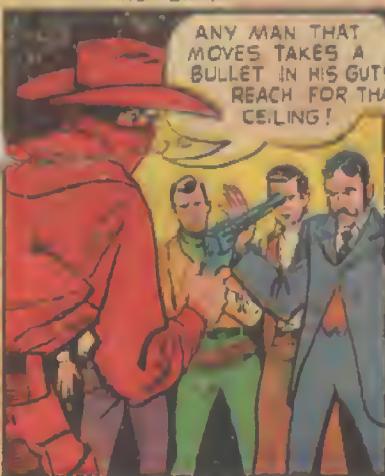
AFTER AN EXHAUSTIVE SEARCH OF THE SEEMINGLY EMPTY SALOON, REDMASK PAUSES BEFORE A SECTION OF THE WALL...



MOMENTS LATER...



LIGHTNING-LIKE GUNHANDS DROP AND LIFT —



Wheee! Gosh! Watch 'em

ZOOM! CLIMB, BANK, DIVE AND
TOD UP TO 200 FEET

MASTER MODEL DESIGNER

Wally Waller

As a boy of 14 Commander Waller perfected his first paper flying machine, when the Wright Brothers were first designing theirs! That's why - "You Fly the Latest, When You Fly A Waller."

NOW FLY YOUR OWN JET & ROCKET FLEET!

LOOK! YOU GET ALL 10 OF
PLANES IN ONE BIG BOOK

AIR SO: Nearly 1 foot long



Lockheed Shooting Star

Flying Wing



McDonnell Banshee

WORLD'S NEWEST, FASTEST JET & ROCKET
READY TO FLY IN 3 MINUTES!



Bell X-1

North American F-86



Racing Stratojet

RACING? STUNTING? SURE! COMBAT FLYING? YOU BET! See the gang below as you're accurate to scale. Model Grumman Panther takes off like a torpedo, starts in mid-air—zooms into a dizzy spin—shredding out, but FAST, to make a honey of a landing! And do you chalk up DISTANCE RECORDS? Listen: racers! Your Rigid jets and ROCKETS zoom no less than 30 to 40 FEET! Outdoors, stunts! Your models zoom at 50 MPH, thousands of ft. high hourly! And they zoom! You can zoom up to a SENSATIONAL 200 FEET! Want to solo like a stuntman? Do all these tricks? Required on combat flying? Commander Waller is flying models! Fill your latest orders!

**FUN TO MAKE IN 3 MINUTES
YOU'RE FLYING!** You don't know how easy it is! Fill out the 50 steps and your JET & ROCKET MODEL PLANE BOOK and start slicing out your Lockheed Shooting Star or whatever plane you want first on your model! How easy? See, it takes ONLY 3 MINUTES to turn out your first jet or rocket! Sure, and in just HALF AN HOUR all 10 of your Rigid jets are ready to zoom into the wide blue yonder! But, HURRY, Folks! This may be your last chance! So don't miss out on the flying fun! Whizz that coupon in NOW!

Plus FREE -

SENSATIONAL
NEW ROCKET LAUNCHING

RAMP...

Model Commander Waller's design

board comes this new 8x12x5-in.

model! FASTER,

Launching Ramp! Ready-cut in extra

heavy-duty board for high speed take

offs! Presto, your jets and rockets zoom

off safe, steady and strong! EVERY TIME!

A Thrill to Maximize Fly!

HOMECASTS, DEPT. B, 699 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 21

ONLY
\$1.



MAIL TODAY! ORDER ACT NOW!

HOMECRAFTS, Dept. B

699 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

DEAR COMMANDER: I enclose \$1. Rush me your JET & ROCKET MODEL PLANE BOOK plus my FREE Rocket Launching Ramp. I'm not 100% satisfied. I'll keep my Rocket Launcher FREE, and return book UNLESS I'm not satisfied.

Name

Please Print Clearly

Address

City

Zone State

This offer good in the U.S.A. and Canada only.